

# The Athenian Mercury.

Tuesday, December 24. 1695.

The 4 following *Poems*, were  
sent us by that *Ingenious Lady*,  
who has so often obliged us,  
and the World, with her *Poetry*.

## Platonick Love.

I.

**S**O Angels Love and all the rest is dross,  
Contracted, selfish, sensitive and gross.  
Unlike to this, all free and unconfin'd  
Is that bright flame I bear thy brighter mind.

II.

No stragling with, or symptom of desire,  
Comes near the Limits of this holy fire;  
Yet 'tis intense and active, tho so fine;  
For all my pure immortal part is thine.

III.

Why shou'd I then the Heavenly spark controul,  
Since there's no brighter Ray in all my Soul,  
Why shou'd I blush to indulge the noble flame,  
For which even friendship's a degrading name.

III.

Nor is the greatness of my Love to thee,  
A sacrilege unto the Deity,  
Can I th' enticing stream almost adore,  
And not prefer its lovely fountain more?

## To Mutius.

I.

**A** Thousand great resolves, as great  
As reason could inspire,  
I have commenc'd; but ah how soon  
The daring thoughts expire!

II.

Honour and Pride I've often rous'd,  
And bid 'em bravely stand,  
But e're my charming foe appears  
They cowardly disband.

III.

One dart from his insulting eyes,  
Eyes I'm undone to meet,  
Throws all my boasting faculties  
At the lov'd Tyrant's feet.

IV.

In vain alas, 'tis all in vain,  
To struggle with my fate,  
I'm sure I ne're shall cease to love,  
How much less can I hate!

V.

Against relentless destiny,  
Hopeless to overcome,  
Not *Sisyphus* more sadly strives  
With his Eternal Doom.

## To Strephon.

**T**O me his sighs, to me are all his vows,  
But there's my hell the depth of all my woes,  
VVe burn alike, but oh the distant bliss,  
A view of that my greatest torment is;  
Accurst ambition, groveling interest,  
Such hated crimes as yet did never rest  
VWithin my Soul, must now unjustly keep  
Me from my Heaven: would they may sink as deep,  
As that black *Chaos* whence they sprung, and leave  
Those mortals wretched which they now deceive.

## Malachy 3. 14.

**I**N vain ye Murmur, we have serv'd the Lord,  
As vainly listned to his flattering word,  
He has forgot, or spake not as he meant;  
Else why are we thus Idly penitent?  
Ye call the haughty blest, erecting those  
That dare my Judgments impiously oppose,  
And own, nay, almost boast themselves my foes,  
Whose crimes would (were I not a God) command  
The scarlet bolts from my unwilling hand;  
Then they that fear'd my great and awful name,  
The only few that dar'd oppose the stream,  
Unmov'd against the vulgar torrent stood,  
In spight of numbers resolutely good,  
Not taxing with undecent insolence  
The dark Enigma's of my providence,  
But saw me still illustrious through the same,  
And lov'd and spake, spake often of my name.  
As oft I closely listned, nor shall they  
Pass unrewarded at the last great day,  
When all their pious services I'll own,  
For in my records I shall find 'em down,  
Their brows I'll Crown with wreaths of victory;  
Whilst Men and Angels stand spectators by;  
Aloud I'll then, aloud proclaim them mine,  
And 'mongst my brightest treasures they shall shine.  
Their frailty with more tenderness, than e're  
A father did his only son's, I'll spare,  
And then, but ah! too late you'll find it then,  
Who were the wise, the only thinking men;  
Then you shall nothing but derision meet,  
Whilst Angels them with loud applauses greet.

The



The following Poem was sent us  
by a Gentleman, which we in-  
sert without any alteration.

A

# Pindarick Ode,

By way of Essay, upon the  
Force of Prayer.

*Precibus Deus omnia vendit.*

I.

**M**ost sacred Art! Who can describe its  
worth?  
Tho all the Wits shou'd Join,  
Tho nature shou'd with Art Com-  
bine,  
To bring about this great Design,  
They could but in faint colours set it forth;  
For who the utmost of its vigour knows?  
Which Nature's settled order can subvert?  
Nor Floods, nor Flames, can drown'd or hurt,  
If this but Interpose:  
This from th' Almighty's self its being drew,  
Almighty like its Authour too,  
What is't It has not done? What is't It cannot do?  
Strange wonders in all Ages this has done,  
This has revers'd a threat'ned and impending Doom,  
And brought down brooding blessings in its  
Room,  
The dead reviv'd, Seiges rais'd, Battles wonn!  
When Famine, War, or Pest  
A Nations peace Molest,  
This swiftly does resort  
As Delegate to the Celestial Court,  
And how e're difficult the Embassy,  
Or soon, or late a gracious Answer does Exhort:  
As if Heavens King wanted pow'r to deny  
Such Reverend, tho Clam'rous, importunity.

II.

In vain did Babel's Fiery Furnace glow,  
Tho hot as Hell,  
(At least the Tyrant thought to make it so:)  
As vain the Persian Lions were,  
Tho fierce and fell  
As Fiends, or Harpy-footed Furies are,  
Yet both soon harmless made by Holy Prayer.  
The Hebrew Legislator thus allay'd  
The fury of th' Omnipotent  
Caus'd by the Idol-Calf the Rebel-Jews had made,  
Let me alone He said,  
Mark that! How great the danger, and how immi-  
nent!  
Let me alone and I'll—yet daring He,  
The angry Godhead did withstand,  
Nor fear'd the brandish'd Thunder in his hand  
(How bold is Piety!)  
Prompted with zeal th' undaunted Prophet pray'd;  
'Twas that revok'd the harsh Decree,  
'Twas that the ready vengeance stay'd,

Such the coercive Eloquence of Prayer!  
Which held his hands, and charm'd his ear,  
And gently Sooth'd the listning Deity.

III.

Since then, there is in Prayer such Energy,  
How more than happy is the Wight  
Who by religious practices is grown,  
Such a proficient in Piety,  
That he can prosecute it with delight,  
Delights to meet his God alone?  
When sad, by losses, danger, poverty,  
He to his closet hasts, and there  
Regales himself with pray'r.  
Come then Athenians, rouse your ablest Muse  
To celebrate this pious Art,  
And teach us better how to act our part,  
That henceforth we  
No more ourselves, nor God abuse  
By being cold, dull, or perfunctory;  
Instruct us Sages (for you know)  
From whence these dang'rous Symptoms flow,  
Why are we so Jejune, so indispos'd to pray?  
Oh teach us how we may,  
Get our hearts on the wing, and keep 'em so:  
Perhaps the Charms of your melodious Lure  
May set our Luke-warm Hearts on fire,  
And so invigorate our next Essay,  
That our more fervent prayers shall pierce the  
Skies,  
Grateful as Incense, or an Evening Sacrifice.

## Advertisements.

There is a Knight Baronet in Derbyshire, that  
wants an Ingenious Amanuensis; if therefore the Young  
Man mentioned in Quest. 1. Numb. 9. of this 19th Vol.  
will repair to John Dunton, at the Raven in Jewen-  
street, he shall have a further account.

## There is lately Publisht,

The 18th Volume of the Athenian Mercury  
Resolving all the most nice and curious que-  
stions proposed by Ladies and Gentlemen, relating to  
Divinity, Philosophy, Love, Marriage, History, Physick,  
Law, Mathematicks and Trade, &c. from Saturday, July  
13th to Tuesday, Octob. 29. 1695.

**ELIXIR STOMACHICUM:** Or the great Cordial  
Elixir for the Stomach, of a delicate flavour and  
pleasant (tho' bitterish) Taste, to be drank at any time, but  
especially in a Morning in any Liqueur, as Ale, Tea, Ca-  
nary, &c. Which for the Scurvy, to purify the Blood, expel  
Wind, for all Indispositions of the Stomach; as want of Ap-  
petite, Sicknes, &c. for Vapours in Women, and three other  
most certain Vertues mentioned in the Bills sold with it, and  
to be had gratis at the Places where 'tis sold; excels any  
one Medicine ever made publick to the World; and of such  
Excellency and usefulness for all Persons, as never to be  
without it about them. 'Tis sold by some one Bookseller  
in most Cities and many great Towns in England. By Mr.  
Levingston, Fruiterer, at the Royal-Exchange-Gate; and at  
the most eminent Coffee-Houses, in or about London. Also  
by John Harris at the Harrow in Little-britain, John Dun-  
ton at the Raven in Jewen-street, S. Howkins in George-  
yard in Lombard street, Hugh Newman in the Poultry,  
H. Rhodes, at the Star in Fleet-street, Booksellers. The  
Author having appointed the three last only (besides himself)  
to sell it by Wholesale. Any Person wanting it to dispose  
of or sell again, may be there furnish'd with Allowance  
for selling. Price one Shilling each bottle, Retail.